

# The train

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*The cars are not the only thing coupled on this European train*

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Hello Annie. Do you remember me, the guy from Agadir, Morocco? We met on the train from Rotterdam to Prague. Remember? I got on after you did, and fate placed us together in a compartment with no other passengers. I will remember that glorious night forever, and should the sands of the Moroccan desert swallow me up, my last thoughts will be the memory of our shared passion. For what is life without passion, but the desert we make for ourselves, without the sweetness of water to make it an inviting place to live. Yet the desert knows its own sweetness, and it was the sweetness of our own deserts that we shared, Annie, you and I a daughter and son of mother Africa, on that night train in Europe. I hope you don't forget.

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After I finished packing away my bags, I sat down opposite you. Our eyes met, and locked. I have never been speechless in my life before that incredible moment, but when I gazed into your eyes, perhaps it was their green colour that reminded me of lush vegetation. In my country, most people have brown eyes, as is fitting for the desert. Your eyes are special, and whenever I see green now I am reminded of you and our sensual night on the train. Somehow, we stopped staring, and muttered greetings. However something had passed between us. Was it electrical? You told me later that you had been travelling alone for three weeks, and that my mere presence in the compartment made you aroused. Who knows, I felt it too, and it was a special feeling, one to be grabbed, cherished and cultivated, even if not acted upon.

It was difficult for us to chat, not having a common language. Of course I have learned English so I could write to you, and my thoughts of you made learning it a sensual and even erotic experience. I wish I could have learned your own language, but alas this was not possible in Morocco. In any case, we communicated very well in the absence of more than a few words, so what matters this thing of language. For us, I think, not at all, for it is our hearts that do most of the talking, and the language of our hearts is passion. And that passion is a heat borne without flame, as the heat of the winds that blow out of the desert. Unlike the winds, however, our passion is replete with the moistness of love, not dry and lacking in kindness as the wind.

Forgive me my passionate and kindred soul, for it seems I digress. I wanted to remind you of the passion of our evening together. I am not sure what you felt, but when our eyes met in that first instant, something stirred in me, something that had lain sleeping longer than I care to admit. A flame of passion was borne in my loins, and shot through me leaving behind the sweetest sensation, as soft embers of a dying fire are made to glow even by the softest breeze.

I tried to introduce myself in all of the languages I knew, when finally you managed to catch my "Je m'appelle Ali."

"Oh, I am Annie," you replied, and I have to admit that I have never heard a lovelier sound than your voice, with its exotic accent, saying your most wonderful name. It is a name made for passion, a name that should surely never be spoken save in endearment between lovers. After doing our best to talk, we got up from our seats to look out the train's window.

We watched the sunset, smiling, laughing at our inability to speak in words, yet communicating none the less. Time passed with a swiftness that only lovers know. The sun passed below the horizon, and we turned from the window to return to our seats. As we turned away, you slipped, just a little and I reached out to help steady you. The next moment is a happy blur, but suddenly you were in my arms, and I was holding you. It was not a steadying embrace; rather the embrace of familiar lovers.

Your body was against mine, sending shivers of electric energy through out my soul. You whimpered slightly when I placed my right hand in the small of your back, and pressed you closer. I caressed your cheek with my other hand and looked into your eyes which were glinting in the fading light as though the stars in all the heavens were burning in your soul. Slowly, my lips moved ever closer to yours, your body slowly relaxing against me.

This first kiss of ours was full of unrequited passion, yet it was soft and exploratory. There was no intertwining of tongues, just a lingering kiss of lips, awakening sensations of almost unbearable sweetness. Your lips were so warm, and their touch on mine sent a wave of tingles from my head to my feet. I became weak in the knees, and involuntarily I pressed against you, my pelvis meeting yours. You responded most wonderfully by pressing against me, no doubt feeling my growing erection against you.

I drew your bottom lip into my mouth, and nibbled my way along it, slowly moving my kisses down to your chin, up over your cheeks; over your closed eyelids I kissed you most softly and tenderly. For yes indeed, you made me feel such tenderness, a feeling I thought had long left my heart. Placing my hand over the back of your neck, I pulled your head to my chest, stroking your lovely long hair and caressing your cheek with the back of my hand.

Once more we kissed. This time there was no soft passion, just the explosive release of what ever remaining inhibitions we held. Our tongues entwined, mine explored the sensitive places inside your mouth, lingering here and there as your body fluttered at its probing. Your tongue explored me in the same way, sending waves of pleasure through my now fully aroused body. As your tongue explored, I could feel your pelvis pressing against me, evoking a wonderful burning sensation in my cock and its general vicinity.

By all that is cherished, Annie, I have never enjoyed any sensation so much as the feel of your body pressed against me, our tongues exploring, our touches bringing new and wonderful feelings. But those sensations were only the beginning. Our bodies were crying out for further exploration, for teasing of the most delicious kind. Do you remember? Even as I write this, I feel the ache growing in me. I hope you don't mind me telling you that I still feel the ache when I think of you, and when I do, I stroke my cock slowly, trying to draw out the sensations. Although it is never the same as with you, I enjoy the feeling, and ultimately I have an explosive orgasm, during which I say your name at its peak. As I write to you, my cock is fully erect, and a clear liquid glistens on its purple head. I take some of the liquid and taste it, it reminding me of the taste of your love juices on my tongue. I am naked now as I write, and I keep my passion alive by teasing my cock as I plan the next paragraph. This is another gift you give to me in allowing me to write to you of these memories; the gift of wonderful self-pleasure that I hope my words will also give to you. But again I digress.

I remember that you were wearing a button-up blouse of some sensually soft material. I kissed you down over your chin, across to your ear and back to the other side. Then I ran my tongue straight down your neck to the first button of your blouse, and at the same time I brought my bare leg up softly into your crotch. You arched your back a little so I could feel your moist heat on my leg, and it made me let out a soft moan.

I could sense a little hesitation mixed with your desire, and your slight nervousness was intoxicating. Slowly, I undid the first button of your shirt, and it was your turn to moan softly as my tongue traced along the edge of your opening shirt. The next button revealed the edge of your breasts, and I kissed them with delight.

You were not wearing a bra, so your nipples were taugt and erect, and the sight of the pressing through the material was electrifying. Unable to resist temptation, I drew your right nipple into my mouth through the material of your shirt. You gasped, moaned softly, and pressed your crotch into my leg so I could even feel your wetness.

The feeling of wetness in your jeans on my leg made the delicious ache in my loins intensify into a burning fire. While sucking on your left nipple through your shirt, I reached down and felt your

wonderful wetness with my right hand. You moaned loudly as my hand pressed into your vulva. You arched your back and pressed against my hand, your breathing already beyond control.

I wanted to hold back and tease you, but suddenly you were beyond teasing. You needed release! I felt your orgasm start as my hand massaged your clitoris and vulva through the wet material of your jeans. You called my name, and your breathing became more feverish, intensifying as you wildly made love to my hand. Your orgasm was a most wonderful thing to behold, a thunderstorm in the desert of my emotions. In the moment when you peaked, your pleasure most beautifully shown to me; I felt such an intense emotion that it almost overcame me completely. Could it be love, in such a short moment? I don't know, I only know that I felt things that I cannot explain.

I held you close to me, talking softly in my own language, even though I knew you could not understand what I was telling you. Perhaps it is just as well. I held you while your orgasm subsided into a post orgasmic glow, which faded slowly, making you aware of my continued state of arousal.

You reached into the leg of my loose shorts, and the touch of your hand on my cock was incredible. Slowly, you tugged it out the leg of my shorts, knelt down in front of me, and took my cock slowly into your mouth. You seemed to know instinctively EXACTLY how to make me feel the most wonderful sensations. You drew my cock half way into your mouth; all the while your tongue was circling my glans.

Drawing it in and out of your mouth like that, you brought me almost to orgasm. Three times you did that, and each time the sensations grew stronger. But I knew I could not withstand a fourth time, so I pushed you away gently, quickly unfastened your jeans and let them fall to the floor.

You stood up to get out of your jeans, and then knelt back down on the floor onto which I had laid a blanket. I moved round behind you, holding my rock hard cock in my right hand, and pressed its wet head against your soaking panty crotch. You gasped as I lifted aside the crotch of your panties and entered you from behind.

It must have felt really nice for you as "Ooooh," you moaned over and over. Slowly I pressed into you as you softly thrust back to meet me.

With my left hand, I reached underneath you and cupped your left breast. With my other hand I reached round and began to stroke your clitoris from side to side, all the while ever so slowly thrusting my cock into you.

Our shared pleasure was nothing short of incredible. It was not long before we were bucking and thrusting uncontrollably, my right hand applying the sweet pressure that I know you like to have

against your clitoris. I could sense another orgasm starting to well up within you. I did not want my own orgasm to interfere with my enjoyment of yours. I wanted to experience your cumming with my entire senses alert to the incredible beauty of your experience.

So I held back, which in itself was an intense experience. Oh Annie, how much I like to hold back and watch your lovely face when you are cumming, to hear the sounds of your breathing and moaning mixed together, to hear even the quiet period as your orgasm peaks, and the sharp exhale that tells me you are sliding down the other side of your orgasm. Isn't it just wonderful? I felt your orgasm start, but I kept up the rhythm of my thrusts while I twirled your nipple with my left hand and kept the pressure on your clit with my right one, moving it back and forth at the same time.

Your breathing was again wildly out of control, and you were screaming the most wonderful sounds imaginable. As your orgasm peaked, I slowed my thrusting to prevent the excitement of you from releasing my own orgasm. You straightened, and lay down on the blanket on the floor. I held you like that, stroking your back softly for about 10 minutes while in my mind I relived the moments of your orgasm. Those thoughts and your lovely body beside me kept my cock in an erect state while I cuddled you.

Some slight discomfort made me turn onto my back. You responded by kneeling up, tugging off your panties, shedding your blouse and straddling me. Slowly you lowered yourself over my now aching cock. As your body came lower, my glans slowly parted your sopping wet vulva and I slipped most deliciously inside of you once again. You began a slow and sinuous movement that soon had you gasping and moaning, and me struggling to keep my pleasure levels high without cumming too soon.

But somehow though, I managed it. I kept myself close to the edge of orgasm, and with your wonderful help I was able to move up and down around that limit without crashing over the edge. Gosh, Annie, how beautiful you felt as you slid up and down on top of me. I reached up and took one of your beautiful breasts in each hand, twirling the nipples to increase the intensity of your pleasure.

We looked into each other's eyes where the intensity of our shared pleasure was clearly visible. Our gaze locked, and you increased the ardour of your movements, and soon we were on the edge of our mutually shared orgasm. Your breathing changed, deepened, and your moans increased in tempo, all the while our gazes locked.

At precisely the same moment, our orgasms began. I could see it in your eyes, and you in mine. You continue thrusting as our shared orgasm deepened in intensity until it reached its explosive peak. Our eyes still locked, we subsided slowly into the glow that was all that remained of our explosive pleasure.

The rest of the night is a blur in my memory. I know I dozed off, and eventually we got up and dressed. I was going on to a different city, a business meeting that could not be changed. Alas, it was fate that brought us together, and an equally cruel fate that threw us apart. But now that I have moved to Casablanca, every evening when the sun is setting over the warm Atlantic, I sit out on my balcony and I remember our night of passion and love. Yes, for me it was love, although it was only one night, and although I shall probably never see you again, I want you to know that. And I want you to know that I relive the memory of our shared passion almost nightly, and in reliving it I grant myself the pleasure of reliving our shared orgasms. I wonder if you ever do the same.

If you do, I hope that you will give yourself release. I wish I could look into your eyes Annie, if I could see nothing else but your eyes, without touching myself, I would be able to come with you I am aching so nicely from the memory. Come join me in Agadir, where we can drink in each other, and make love under the stars on the top of my villa that is so empty without you, and that contains space that nobody else can fill.